

**WILLIAM:** Oh. I drink. I drink much. Often. Almost non-stop. But I know, and here I use a relative term, when I've had enough. Therefore, honestly, and without smiling, I can say I am not an alcoholic. A bum, yes. There's a tricky distinction here. But enough of me. Why aren't you out with your peers. Pushing buttons in the electric amusement places. Drinking draft beer. Fucking the dog. And the puppies too if the worst of us have our way.

**JUNIOR:** I've got some thinking to do.

**WILLIAM:** About your girlfriend?

**JUNIOR:** She's part of it.

**WILLIAM:** A fine girl. Very sturdy. I've observed her over the years as well.

**JUNIOR:** Yeah?

**WILLIAM:** From a discreet distance. No hands. Honestly. No touching ever. Of course I can't be responsible for my private thoughts and they are truly disgusting.

**JUNIOR:** You're kind of weird.

**WILLIAM:** But I function as a gentleman. When I function. What's the problem. The obstacle — the absolute thing you're wrestling with.

**JUNIOR:** Nothing easy to describe. Just how to get by. Become something. Hang on.

**WILLIAM:** Hanging on is the true problem of the age. I wrestle with it daily myself. So often I think of just giving up and letting myself plummet into the depths of degradation. Into the absolute pit. I'm so tired of this bourgeois existence.

**JUNIOR:** Mister, I know what that word means, and it ain't you.

**WILLIAM:** Once again I call upon the rules of relativity.

**JUNIOR:** What?

**WILLIAM:** From my perspective, I see a great distance yet to fall. I feel positively middle-class in comparison.

**JUNIOR:** You're a bum.

**WILLIAM:** Truth is, I'm just pretending. Yes, I have a bank account! I can withdraw money at any time. Check into a hotel. Order up a steak. Have an all-night bath with bubble. Drink cognac. Live splendidly.

**JUNIOR:** Why don't you!

**WILLIAM:** Why should I!